

# Good Morning 775

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

RON  
RICHARDS'  
CIVVY STREET  
GUIDE

## PAY AND LEARN in these Trades

OBVIOUSLY, there are so many jobs in building that it is hardly necessary to make mention of them, but did you know that you can get fully trained to fit yourself for the work?

The Ministry of Labour has passed on to me the outline of a scheme whereby 200,000 men will be trained for the building business. Within six months, they figure, untrained men could be passed on to the industry as fully-trained builders' specialists.

Seven centres for the training of 1,000 workers every six months are already open. Others, with a bigger capacity, will be opening up all over the country. Eventually, from these establishments—built by the trainees themselves—40,000 workers a year will be turned out.

All this, of course, is just part of the Vocational Training scheme passed through the House of Commons in April. After leaving the training centres trainees will complete the course with building firms, working alongside more experienced craftsmen, so as to learn the tricks of the trade.

All instructors at the centres will have passed through the Ministry of Labour's staff college. Training centres will be established for every industry that is short of skilled labour.

Already available are training centres for ex-Servicemen for these trades: agriculture, clerical work, including shorthand and typing, hair-dressing, leather work, tailoring, radio repairing, typewriter repairing and watch and clock-making.

Soon these will be added to the list: textile and silk industries, baking, basket-making, boot and shoe repairing, furniture making, civil engineering, piano-making and glass-blowing. The cotton scheme

is delayed on account of policy complications.

Allowances while at the centres will be the equivalent of four pounds a week. They will be free from income-tax and national health contributions. There are extra family allowances.

AND now for forestry. Plans for settling 200,000 ex-Servicemen in forestry have been set before the Government by the Forestry Society, the Men of The Trees.

Their scheme, outlined in a document called "The Landsmen," is a direct challenge to the long-term policy of the White Paper on Post-War Forestry, published two years ago, which aimed at re-afforesting 5,000,000 acres in fifty years.

Richard Barbe Baker, founder of the Men of the Trees, says his scheme provides for the training of suitable men in the shortest possible time.

ALTHOUGH I will deal with Australia in another issue, here is a statement made recently by Prime Minister Chifley regarding population.

"Australia wants population—preferably people from the British Isles—but the need is so imperative that Australia may be forced to abandon her preference for British stock if the flow of immigrants from the Homeland is not adequate for her population needs.

"Under agreement with the British Government Australia will provide free passages for British ex-Servicemen and women and their dependants. Assisted passages for British civilians who are not qualified under the free-passage scheme will also be given. The Government also hope to

develop a plan already approved in principle to bring 50,000 Anglo-European orphans to Australia in the first three years after the declaration of peace.

"Profound changes will take place on Australia's production front. For five years the country's



"Gosh, Jenkins! It's good to be back in civvies again. Hope you haven't been wearing my clothes while I've been away!"

industry has been almost wholly devoted to war-time needs.

"Hundreds of factories built during the war will now be the nucleus for a great industrial expansion.

"Even more immediate from the employment point of view is the urgent work of housing and the restoration of public services, such as hospitals, schools, railways, electricity and water supplies."

I think that sounds promising.

## ALL OVER THE PLACE for A.B. Harry Saunders

MANY Newhaven townfolk directed us to Sefton Terrace, but all the same, we managed to get well and truly lost. After looking in vain for "the Bridge," we heard so much about, and getting stopped several times by the closed gates of the level crossing, we began to think about a visit to the "Ship," or some other worthy Newhaven house for liquid refreshment.

However, when we had almost reached the end of our tether and sat hopelessly contemplating the folds of the South Downs, a kind gentleman almost led us over the bridge, and from then on it was easy. In no time at all we found Number 23—your home, A.B. Harry Saunders.

Your mother opened the door to us; and we sat down in the cheery kitchen while the folk you see in the picture arrived from odd corners of the house.

While we waited, we made up our mind to enquire about all the people whose photographs are on the sideboard, so you should find mention of a substantial number of the Saunders' clan here.

Peter is just as lively as ever he

was, and he and your favourite Tiger seem to enjoy themselves mightily around Newhaven.

His heart is still set on the Navy as a career, and as the only obvious way he can manifest this ambition at present is by wearing sailor clothes, he is hoping for another such outfit as you brought home before and which he has now outgrown.

One of his favourite pastimes is watching the work on the timber boats when they come in, and that was what he had been doing when we called.

Alf was working on this boat when we called, but we were lucky enough to get him in the picture. He says there is still plenty of time for him to go farther round the world than you!

He also showed us those prize rabbits in their shed. Ted is still keeping a few, though not as many as he used to. Those certificates on the walls make impressive showing, and perhaps now that he has been demobbed, Ted will replenish his stock. He is now engaged in refitting and decorating boats, and he is very pleased to get back to his work again.

Tom is lucky enough to get home every two days, and he and his wife, and Jean and Jane, hope to be seeing you soon.

Johnny is still working at Mr. Ray's, and Peggy is continuing to make hay while the sun shines in the Land Army. Mary, however, has now left Naafi. Her husband is abroad still, but he hopes to be home about the same time as you, so there can be a joint celebration.

Arthur is doing his usual job as pilot's assistant, and Dad continues to be a vital limb of the law.

While there is all this activity among the Saunders' family, your mother maintains the home front, and seems always to be on the alert with a hot meal ready in case any member should arrive unexpectedly.

When you get back, your mother

hopes to have due warning so that she can prepare a meat-pie with all the necessary accessories, and, maybe, some rhubarb wine to follow.

Afterwards there is a visit to the "Ship" that is now long overdue. Alf says the new landlord is a good chap, too, so you need have no fear on that account.

Incidentally, we called on Mrs. Brewer at the New Hotel in Eastbourne to find out if she remembered you. She certainly did, and sent special good wishes to you, hoping to see you at Eastbourne in the very near future.

This hope is echoed by your mates at home—especially Phillip Doyle—who are waiting to see you again. They have not been "liberating" any more pears lately either! That is, perhaps, something else to which you can look forward, Harry, and together with meat-pie, rhubarb wine, and the best the "Ship" can provide, you should have an interesting time.

But until then, all the folk who live from 23 Sefton Terrace wish you the very best of luck and a speedy return there.

## TARGET

SALISBURY Victory Fund Executive Committee are planning with energy and enterprise to attain their aim of raising £100,000 to provide, in accordance with the decision of a public meeting—

- (1) a welcome home for all Salisbury members of H.M. Forces;
- (2) a tablet in memory of the fallen; and
- (3) a public hall.

Donations are coming in well and may be earmarked for any of these three objectives.

No fewer than 27 sub-committees are hard at work on ideas for money-raising and various aspects of the biggest public appeal ever launched in the famous cathedral city.

## Bartram and John defy maxim

IT is an old maxim among professional footballers that "goalkeepers are born, not made."

Yet, strange as it may seem, although you hear this said hundreds of times during the course of a season, nearly every player who makes the remark knows how untrue it is.

You can point to a dozen 'keepers in the League—first-class men—who make the idea seem, to say the least, a little silly.

To be a great goalkeeper you have to have a keen eye, great bravery and a cool temperament. That is why Sammy Bartram, the Charlton and England goalkeeper, has reached the top of the football tree.

Yet Bartram, some ten years ago, never gave a thought to the goalkeeping art.

He had played at centre-half for Sunderland and Durham Schools, and when the time came for him to leave his lessons, he decided to become a miner.

Like all those sport-loving men, Bartram either played every Saturday or watched his colliery side. For the most part he played.

As he improved, so did the whisper go round that League clubs were trailing the young miner, who was fast becoming a first-rate half-back.

As is so often the case, the rumours were true, and very soon Sam Bartram set off for Reading.

The "Biscuitmen" thought he was too young for the hurly-burly of League football so a very disappointed young man went back to Durham and the mines.

At that time Bartram was playing for a team called Boldon Villa, and it was while he was playing for them that Charlton Athletic spotted him.

Mr. Jimmy Seed, Charlton Athletic's manager, comes from

the North East of England, and knows what football talent is to be found in this quarter.

That is why he has developed a special scouting system, under the direction of his brother, Mr. Anthony Seed, for finding players of promise. It so happened that Jimmy Seed had been told of a centre-forward of great possibilities, and when he was due to play against Boldon Villa the Charlton manager went along to see him.

But it was not the centre-forward who caught the keen and trained eye of Mr. Seed. It was the well-built, auburn haired young fellow in the Boldon goal.

He gave a perfect exhibition of goalkeeping, held out the opposing forwards, and from one of his hefty kicks up the field, the Boldon left-winger fastened on the ball and scored the winning goal.

After the match the Charlton chief asked Bartram if he would care to come South for a trial. Sam did not say that this was his first game; that he was only "keeping" because the regular custodian had been taken ill.

He accepted Charlton's offer, and during his stay did not shape too well for the first seven weeks.

Then, in his last week, he gave two wonderful displays, gained the League side when the regular 'keeper was injured, and has never looked back since.

Bartram, who has played for England, and figured prominently in his club's rise from the Third to the First Division in two seasons, is the perfect answer to those who insist that international 'keepers are born.

One of the most distinguished of all goalkeepers between the wars was Roy John, who "kept" for Swansea Town, Walsall, Stoke and Manchester United.

John, tall, dark and handsome, with one of the safest pair of

goalkeeping hands I have ever set eyes upon, looked a natural 'keeper when he trotted out on to the pitch. But John was anything but that.

He is another made into a great player by one of the queer little twists of fate.

As a boy playing for Briton Ferry Schoolboys, Roy John was one of the leading scorers in Welsh schoolboy football. It was when he was given a trial for the Welsh schoolboy international team at left-half that Roy John became aware of his powers as defender.

He developed with amateur clubs into a left-back, and as such was signed by Swansea, who then transferred him to Walsall.

For two and a half seasons he was the reserve left-back, and during training often surprised his teammates by showing to advantage in goal. He never dreamed, however, that one day this training would stand him in good stead.

It so happened that the reserve team's goalkeeper was injured during the course of a game, so Roy John, because no one else seemed to relish the job, donned the 'keeper's sweater and took up position between the "sticks."

One of the first things John was called upon to do was to face a penalty kick.

The man who took it had the reputation of never missing—but John, diving across the goal, saved a "blinder," and next week an injury to the first-team goalkeeper put him into Walsall's League side.

He repeated his deed of stopping a penalty kick, and within two months was playing for Wales' international side against the pick of England!

But if you tell his teammates that goalkeepers are born, not made...

Anyway, greatness has certainly gone the way of Sam Bartram and Roy John. J.A.

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.



So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# TEN FATHOMS DEEP

It was old Jaluit, the diver from Samoa, who started the rumour on board the schooner Here-and-Now that no good would come of the next trip to the pearl fields.

Old Jaluit had attended the pearl rush from Papeete every year since he was a boy, and he had been with the Here-and-Now on the previous trip.

He had been picked up, as usual, on the way through the Lower Archipelago, and it was when they were two days' sail from Papeete that the albatross came aboard, dragged by a line, at the end of which a piece of salt pork had acted as a bait.

It was Hird who had caught the albatross in defiance of the superstitions and beliefs of all decent seamen.

Hird was a little fat, cross-eyed boozier, who treated his crew as if they were scum.

He had lived long enough in the South Seas to know better, but when Hird took anything into his head he defied any other point of view.

He was part owner of the Here-and-Now, and his partner, Corralee, was his opposite in almost anything you could think of.

Corralee had joined the boat when Hird was hard up, and they had drawn up articles, duly witnessed and signed before a French attorney in Papeete, to the effect that if "anything happened" to one of them, the survivor was to claim the schooner and all gear and cargo.

They had been partners for less than a month when Corralee realised that Hird was—what he was.

The crew realised it the first day they sailed with Hird; and they realised also that Corralee was a good skipper eager to give them their due, never driving them, never expecting more than they had shipped for.

The result was that he got more than they ever gave Hird; and that made Hird raw and jealous.

When the albatross was hauled on board, it was seen that she was a big bird. Her wings almost touched either sail as she flapped up and down trying to get away from the deck that clung to her.

And then, as is its nature, the albatross became violently sick. The native crew were horrified, strike sparks every time. Mind Corralee put his hands on his hips and smiled.

"Here, you!" roared Hird to old Jaluit, who was squatting in the forecabin. "Come and lend me a hand with this bird. I'm going to have it stuffed."

"Not me, sir," replied old Jaluit. "I come aboard as a pearl diver."

Hird glared at the Samoan, but because he knew Jaluit was right, he did not insist. Perhaps he knew that the crew would also refuse.

At any rate he did not press them, but ran aft for a hatchet which was kept in cleats ready for instant action. The big bird, meanwhile, continued to flop about the deck and scream.

Old Jaluit started to sing a song of the sea.

Ten fathoms deep,  
Dead men do sleep,  
They won't be missed,  
Their souls gone whist.  
They're damned and lost  
For hooking albatross.

Jaluit did not get to the end of his song, for the noise of the bird on deck brought up Corralee.

He came up the poop steps with a bound, a clean-limbed, active young man tanned to a healthy brown and showing every sign of being able to take care of himself.

"I thought it was a row," he began; then he saw the bird and his partner approaching it with the hatchet.

"Hird!" he shouted.

And then: "You can't do as his partner turned towards that, Hird! Have a heart! Him. 'I'm tellin' you. Some day, Don't you see you'll upset every some day—' man of the crew, besides every seafaring tradition—"

"Aw, cut that out!" tossed which he had retrieved, in an back Hird. "You an' me seem to absent kind of way.

Mind Corralee put his hands on his hips and smiled. "Hird, if you weren't my partner I'd hit you to sober you up.

If you want to run the schooner yourself you can do it when you pay me back the money I handed to you. If you had told me the way you sailed her I'd never have joined you. As it is, I'll quit at the first opportunity. You make me sick."

"All right. You'll quit. I know. Maybe you think you can marry Glory Renshaw without anybody buttin' in? Maybe."

He threw the hatchet into the cleats and moved away to the side, where he folded his arms on the gunwale and gazed at the sky.

Corralee gazed after him. "I'll leave him alone," he thought. "It's booze that's talking."

Then he went below to wait the call for him to take over the watch. Old Jaluit worked with the crew who swabbed the deck and began to make the schooner look smart for the entrance to Papeete harbour; and as he worked he hummed his song so loudly that Hird threatened to rope-end him if he wasn't quiet.

The old man was quiet, but his lips still moved to the words and the tune was still humming in the brains of the crew.

They walked about the deck keeping time to the lilt of the song and when Corralee returned from below he found himself mentally following the rhythm.

What troubled Corralee was the reference Hird had made to Glory Renshaw.

She lived at Papeete with her uncle, who was one of the store-keepers of the place and sold

provisions to the skippers of calling ships.

She and Corralee were hoping to be married after the pearl season ended and Corralee intended to go ashore and order the bungalow, which they had dreamed about, to be erected half-way to Point Venus, commanding a view of the reef and Motoutu, where the Here-and-Now generally anchored.

It was talk in Papeete that Hird had wanted Glory, but his habits and his cross eyes were too big obstacles for any girl of Glory's stamp to get over. He couldn't help his cross eyes, for they were as Providence made them; but he could help his cross-grained nature and his liking for kava and raw whisky. Some men start life with a big enough handicap to work off without adding to it by bad living.

That was how Hird stood up at the store where Glory took the orders for ship's larders.

The Here-and-Now arrived at Papeete just before mid-day and swung in past the powder magazine, inside the reef, dropping anchor as the clock in Notre Dame struck the hour.

The crew came aft for their money. Hird acted as cashier. As he paid the men he ordered them to stand by, as he had a word to say. Corralee never had to do with the signing-on of men for the annual run to the pearl grounds.

While Hird paid the men Corralee was writing to Glory, and came on deck with the letter just as the last man received his dollars. Hird came out and surveyed them all gathered under the break of the poop.

Old Jaluit was there, splicing a piece of rope, and humming the song, while most of the crew were keeping time to it with their bare feet on the warm deck.

Ten fathoms deep,  
Dead men do sleep,

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. How many balls are there in an "over" in stoolball?
2. Of what European country is Tallinn the capital?
3. What jockey rode the Derby winner three years running, when did he do it, and on what horses?
4. What was the last town in France to be held by the English, and in whose reign was it lost?

5. Over what counties would a crow fly (in a straight line) from Southampton to Fishguard?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 84, 57, 39, 48, 64, 93.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 774

1. Five.
2. Painting pictures.
3. Ankara.
4. George III.
5. Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Flint, Denbigh, Chester, Lancashire.
6. Moses is in the Old Testament; others are in the New.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, Columbia's up-and-coming star, has a flair for wearing ultra stylish clothes. Yet it does not seem to follow that her screen life will be packed full of glamorous costumes.

Her greatest dramatic opportunity comes opposite Paul Muni in "One Against Seven," and in this film, this ex-model wore just one costume.

It consisted of a man's shirt, a shoddy skirt and peasant boots. Miss Chapman faced the camera entirely without make-up.

Nevertheless, in her last picture, "Strange Affair," she played a dazzling Russian beauty, and wore six of the most fashionable creations that Hollywood could devise.

She thinks the change will be good for her, and gives examples to prove her point.

Ingrid Bergman wore but one ragged costume in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," but she skipped several rungs on the ladder of fame.

Tallulah Bankhead made her successful comeback to the screen in "Lifeboat." Her wardrobe consisted of one tailor-made suit that degenerated into a tattered mess before the end of the film.

PAULETTE GODDARD, regarded as one of the screen's most glamorous stars, made her debut as a street urchin in "Modern Times" with Charles Chaplin.

A peasant skirt and waist made Dolores Del Rio a star in "What Price Glory?" and Maureen O'Sullivan's goatskin outfit in the "Tarzan" pictures detracted not one whit from her popularity.

PEOPLE don't often notice the discreet butler who hovers through films, but it seems it is quite an art thus to hover.

Halliewell Hobbes has done it for years, appearing effectively and unobtrusively in the background of many films while foreground stars stole the picture.

But Eric Woolton makes a strong bid to the title, "the most-butlered screen player." He has just been assigned the butler role in "Confidential Agent," the Charles Boyer-Lauren Bacall film, and that makes it his 500th butler part on the screen.

Cathryn Rose

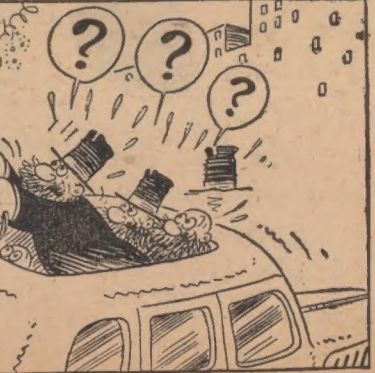
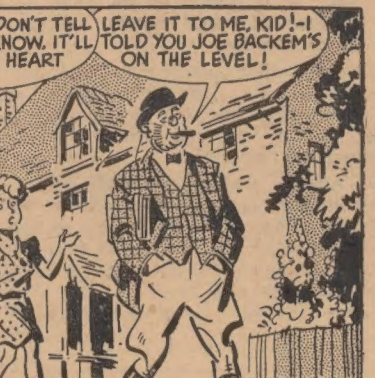
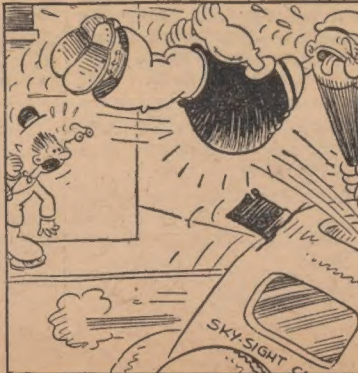
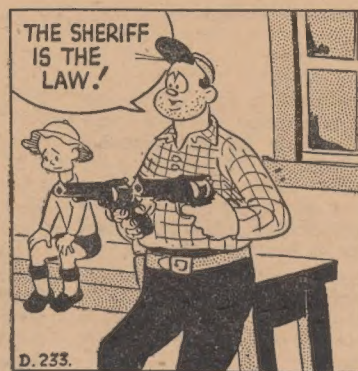
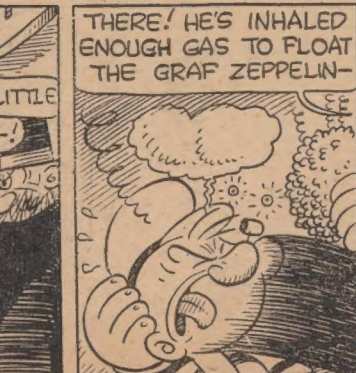
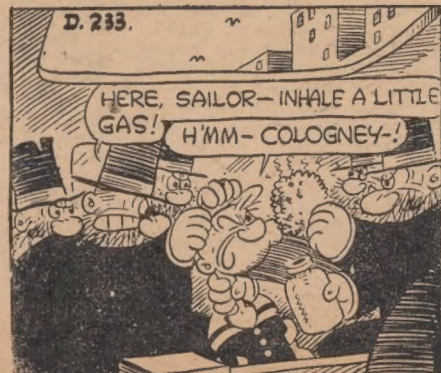
### BEELEZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





**Wangling Words** No. 713

1. Behead a belt and get one.
2. Insert the same letter 8 times and make sense of: vryoffiendstobvntilatd.
3. What kind of thread can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The superstitious believe in the — once in that old castle.

**Answers to Wangling Words—No. 712**

1. S-PRINT.
2. Never mention nuts to monkeys
3. IMITATE.
4. Stile, tiles.

JANE

**TEN FATHOMS DEEP**

(Continued from Page 2)

"You may hit me," replied Jaluit over his shoulder, "but you ain't smart enough to dodge what's coming to you. Dere never was a man who caught an albatross and didn't get hit back."

Hird made a jump for the poop ladder with the intention of going after Jaluit; but Corrale, who was standing by the rail, stepped forward.

"Hold up, Hird. Better get the speech over and quit fighting. Old Jaluit can let us down bad if he's crossed. Mind that it was your albatross that stirred him."

"I'll knock him sicker than the bird was," began Hird, struggling in the grip of his partner. "You let go."

"I won't let go. Man, don't you see what you're doing? The whole crew will be scared stiff when I ask you to get out and stop singing I mean you to close right and crab our trip—and all these boats over there are trimmed to no dumb insolence here!"

Hird put up his hand and tore Corrale's fist off his coat.

"That's twice," he said slowly. "I'm sober now, Corrale, and I say that's twice. That's the limit of my patience. You'd better look out. Next time—say your prayers!"

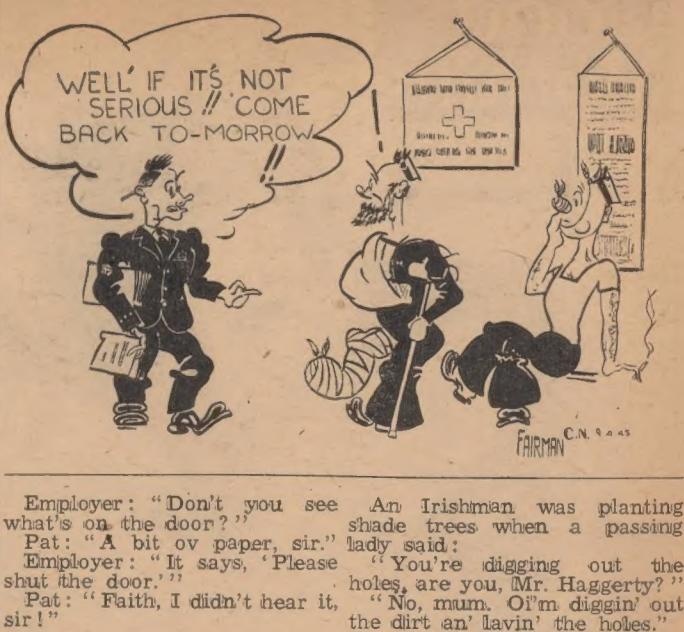
He glared at Corrale, then turned to the crew, and cleared his throat.

"We're leaving early to-morrow mornin'," he announced. "Every man Jack of you has to be aboard by nightfall. That's all. We're going to be among the first to clear for the pearls."

He turned to leave the poop, but one of the older seamen stepped forward, and signalled that he wanted to talk.

"Please, sir, we ain't comin' back. Might as well tell you so's you can't class us as deserters. We're through."

(To be continued).



People are Queer

DAVID BELL longed to start up a tobacco-ist's business; but there seemed to be little chance of doing it. The capital could be arranged all right, but how was a blind and handless man to make sure he gave the right change?

At St. Dunstan's, where the ex-soldier was being looked after, the chief of the research department gave the matter a great deal of thought, and eventually invented a cash-box which solved the problem.

Coins of any value can be inserted into a slot in the top of the box so that they slide down a chute, which gradually narrows. When the coin can get no further, according to its size, a buzzer sounds. And there's a different buzz for each kind of coin.

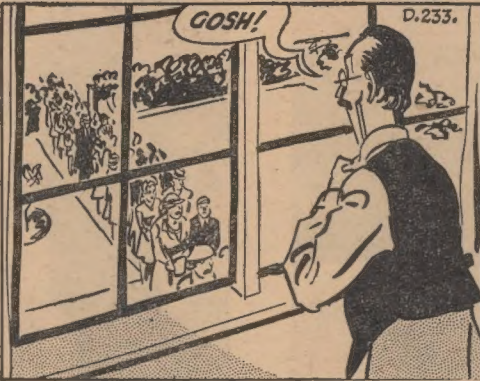
PIETRO PIROG, of Poland, felt happy, after a few drinks. He had a strange way of showing it. Walking up Regent Street, London, he suddenly felt he was carrying too much money around.

So he pulled out a roll of notes and, screwing them up, started chucking them all over the place.

A policeman disapproved of the litter and took him to Marlborough Street Police Station. Fined 7s. 6d., Pietro had an example of the honesty of the public. All his notes had been picked up and returned to the police.

D. N. K. B.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

ASS HAWKERS  
UNITE OWN A  
KALE MEADOW  
CONGO TIDY  
OK SOOT NEE  
B SEA RAG R  
EWE TAIL AS  
LENS POINT  
INDITE VOLE  
S EGO PETAL  
KERNELS ESK

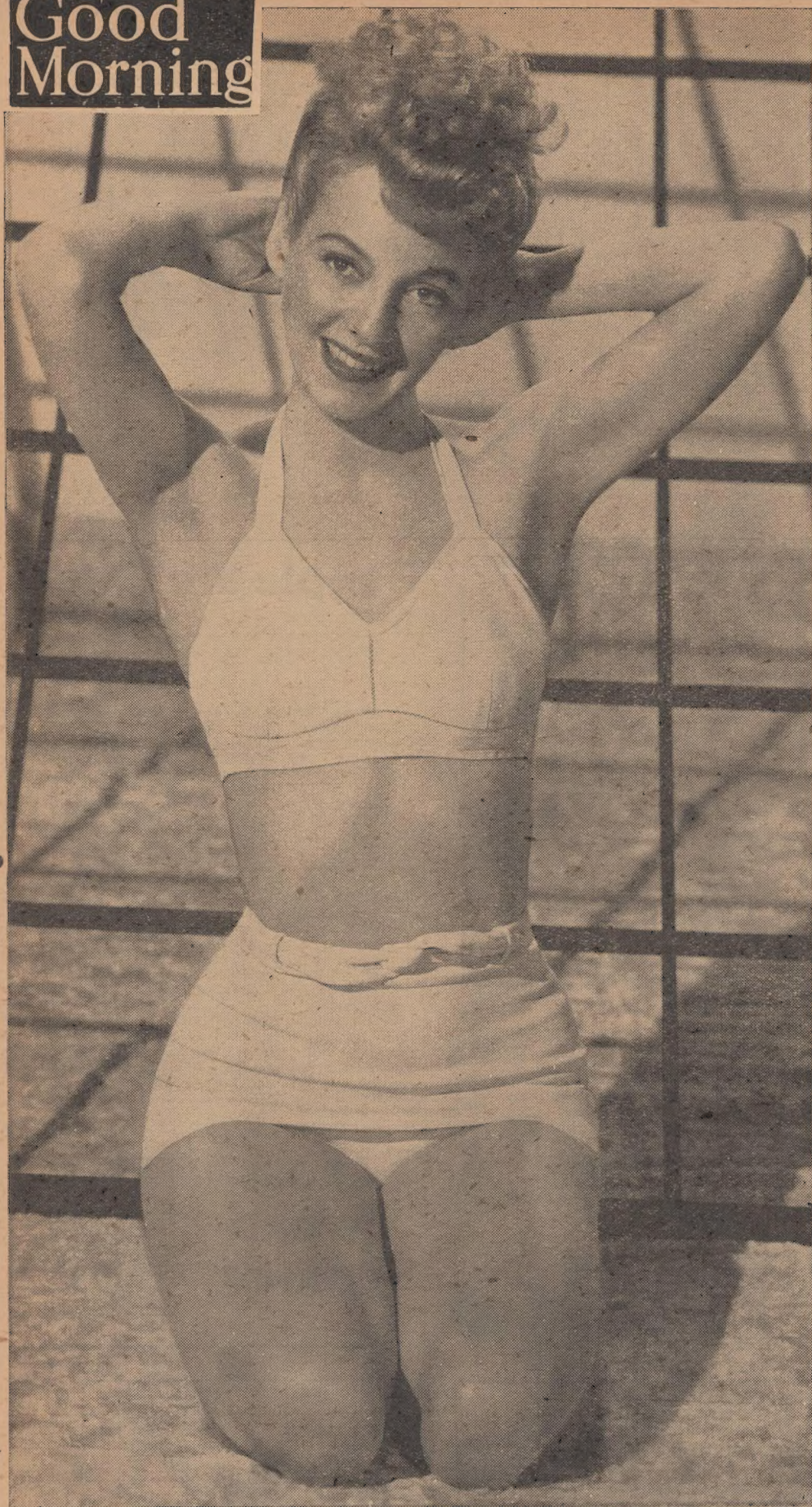
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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Skillful. 5 Girl's name. 10 Truth. 12 Vegetable. 14 Excavation. 16 Shelter. 17 Tree. 18 Numeral. 20 Meal. 22 Robbed. 25 Fruit. 27 Goes by car. 28 Pushes forward. 31 About. 32 Indigo. 33 Outdo. 35 Flower. 37 Outdoor game. 38 Direction. 39 Chopper. 40 Fasten. 41 Bureau.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Fish. 2 Triumph. 3 Piece of furniture. 4 Add. 6 Poor verse. 7 Within. 8 Soped. 9 Garden pool. 11 Central. 13 Efts. 15 Writing point. 19 Flag. 21 Of the ear. 23 Women. 24 Conversation. 26 Garments. 29 Animal. 30 Watch faces. 33 Small bay. 34 Meat. 36 The girl. 37 Stuff.



# Good Morning



## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Kneeling, but definitely not asking for anything, lovely Evelyn Keyes, one of our special favourites from Columbia's star gallery, has all she needs to get along. All the way up, from silky sheen to sunny smile, Evelyn is exactly what the doctor ought to order. But the Medico with this on his list would keep her on the shelf—for himself—we imagine!



## QUIZ - PICTURE.

What's he up to, this straw-hatted gentleman with the nimble fingers and fixed eye? Making a wind-tunnel? No, it's got holes in it. Socks for a sea-serpent? Er, no, but nearly. The idea is that when the job's done, this spare-time product by Mr. Millnian will lie in the Norfolk Broads and trap food—eels, to be accurate.



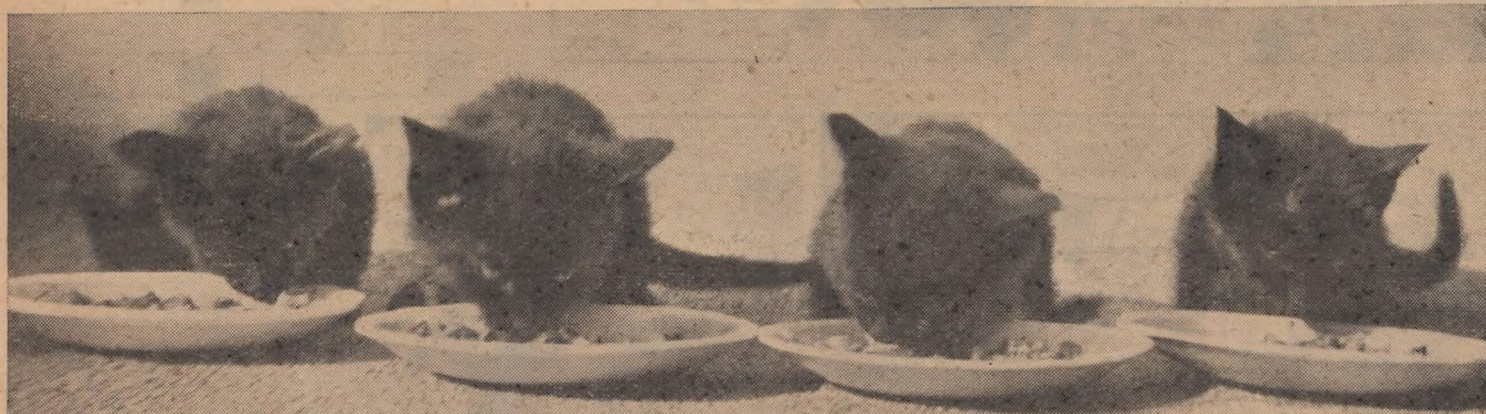
## TOSSING, THE HARD WAY.

It looks like ballet, but the Canadian sailor is actually trying to do something in the Scots' sport line. On the end of his pitchfork is a sheaf, and the idea, if you haven't guessed, is to toss it—that's all. Looks easy, but the next time you're down on the farm, have a go. It's surprising how the straw clings to the prongs.



## ANY LIONS FOR DANIELLE?

Nice shoes, aren't they? In and above them—perhaps you know those luscious lines—is "The Rage of Paris," and that's telling you it's Danielle Darrieux, with fish and rose, and all that ought to go into a smart two-piece sunning suit.



## FEEDING IN HARMONY.

Grubbo! And how the little black heads are getting down to it, and getting it down! Strange thing is that they keep to their own dishes. Kittens, we know, follow the "muck-in" rule, all for one, and on to the next. But this quartette have agreed to feed independently.